[THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 18, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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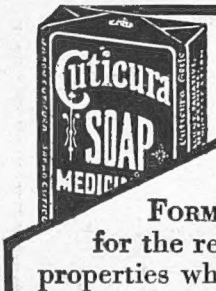

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The Bystander, January 18, 1933 No. 1518. Vol. CXVII.

The BYSTANDER

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You should complet... to enable you to obtain ny reliefs to which you ... ing 5 April, 1933.

A duplicate form, c... uest.

For guidance in fi... and references to the ppropriate notes will b...

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If you wish for any f... o the Assessor,

Mr....

Dated this.. 193

G...

5, Foster Lane, E.C.2.

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I have already made ... *business address, *private residence, namely—

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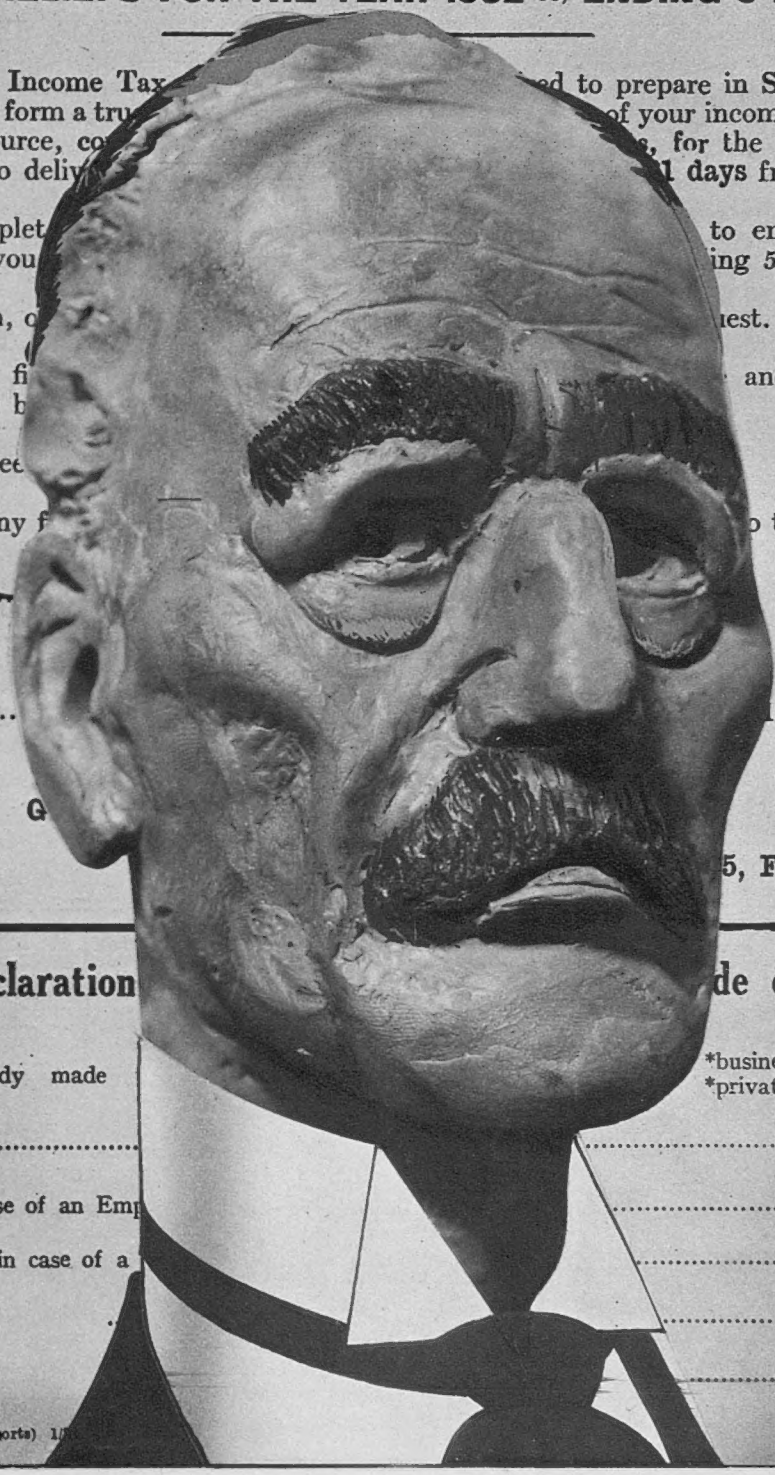
.....Signature.

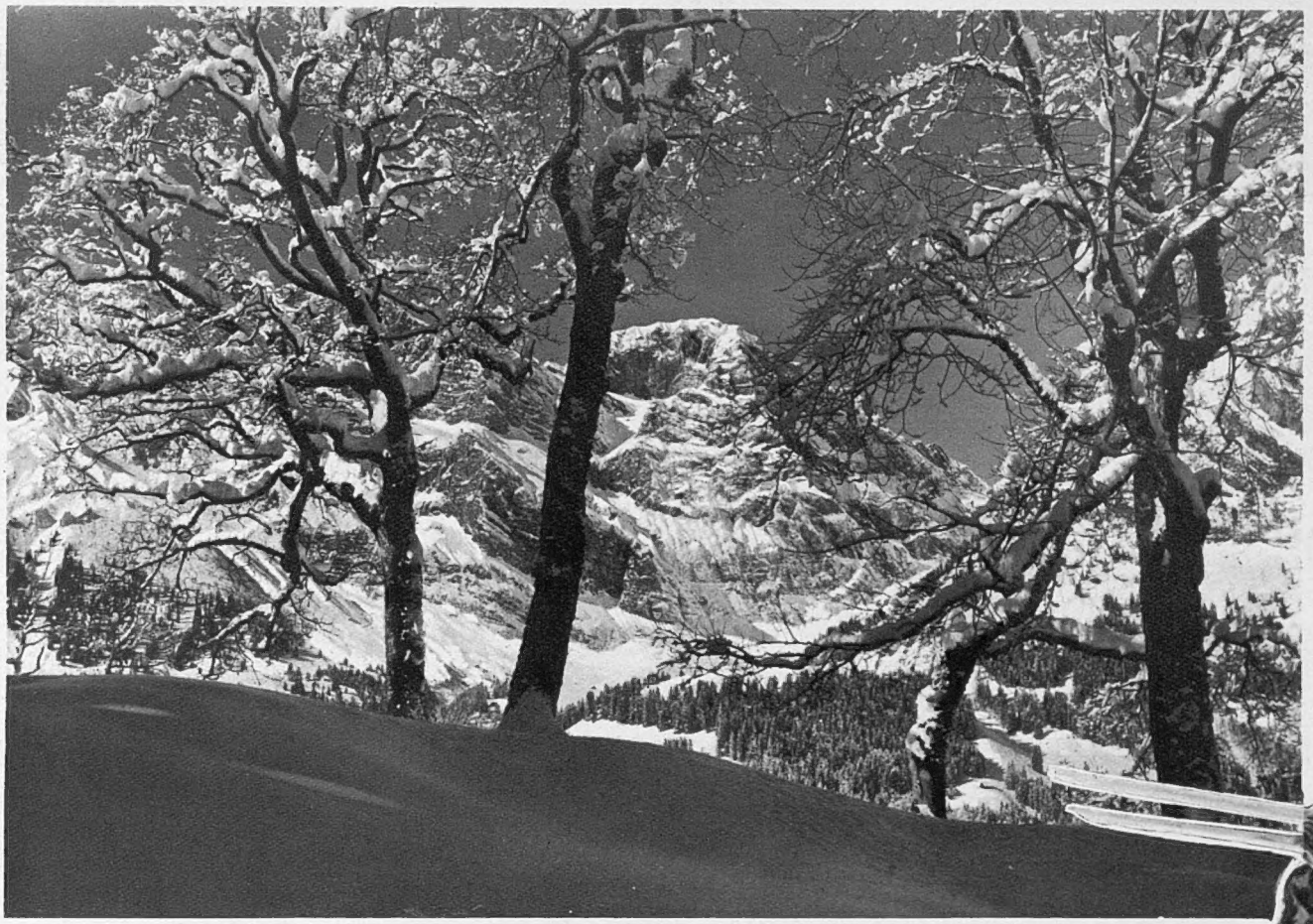
Delete as necessary. 193

(3850) Wt. 19757/4846 1518500 (883 sorts) 1/... 12A



PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 11: The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain *Modelled and Designed by Zec*



Snow-Flowers near Engelberg

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Above: Lady Patricia Douglas setting off with Morton Fisher and Daphne Fisher from Suvretta House

Right: another lovely at St. Moritz is Camilla Horn, the German film star; her leopard ski-ing coat is swell

That Swiss Sunshine

A morning sun-bathing party at St. Moritz: Lord and Lady Vernon, and the Comtesse de Limur, who are three of the Suvretta contingent

ENGAGEMENT rings are always intriguing. When she first gets one, the ex-débutante practises wearing it in cinemas for a few days, and then, when she starts to like the feel of it, brandishes it at the Café de Paris on Wednesday, or at the Embassy on Thursday. One of our best-known ex-débutantes is still at the cinema stage. But any day now we expect to meet it in evening dress at supper-time.

LADY JOAN VILLIERS's marriage is only a few days away now, and she and her fiancé have already received three or four hundred wedding

presents. They were dancing together the other night at the " Anti-Depression " party given by Mr. Edward Bigham (Lord Mersey's son) and Mr. Bobby Roberts, the twenty-one-year-old son and heir of Mr. Marshall Roberts, the former M.F.H. Mr. Roberts owns a lot of New York, and is to be commended to all ambitious mothers of débutantes.

Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale and Lady Peggy Hoare at the Palace Bar together. Mrs. Lonsdale and her husband, who is one of the Cresta fans, are staying at Suvretta

Below : Lady Patricia Wellesley and her eight-year-old sister, Lady Colleen Wellesley, showing how expert they are together on skates, on the St. Moritz Grand Rink

THE dance began with a party at the Palladium, where Mr. Bigham was in great form, and then continued at a private room at the Savoy, where Tex McLeod and the Western Brothers contributed to the cabaret. Lord Long and Miss Livia Paravicini were an interesting couple, though Lord Long left early. Lord and Lady Jersey also joined the party.

LADY DAPHNE FINCH-HATTON partnered Mr. Alec Drexel. The O'Neills were there, and so was Lady Georgiana Curzon, who at last is allowed to go about comparatively independently. She used to be far and away the most heavily chaperoned girl in London, and it was only last year that she crossed the Channel and went to Gay Paree for the first time in her life.

Bertram Park

Lady Anne Hunloke, the Duke of Devonshire's youngest daughter, married Major Sir Philip Hunloke's only son in 1930. Their son and heir was born at the beginning of the month, and is the Duke of Devonshire's twentieth grandchild ; they have a two-year-old daughter as well

The Hon. Anthony Chaplin, Viscount and Viscountess Chaplin's elder son, and Miss Alvida Bridges leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding ; the bride's elkhound was waiting impatiently to greet them outside

MR. DAVID RHYS was another guest at the party, but his fiancée, Lady Anne Wellesley, was down in the country. They have now chosen March 23 as their wedding day. March 24, their original choice, turned out to be a Friday as well as Grand National day, and so had to be altered. The venue of St. Margaret's, Westminster, had also to be changed, for a reason not generally known.

IT appears that in Lent the Dean does not allow a fully choral service. On the other hand, this is permitted for the first month of Lent at St. George's, Hanover Square, although not permitted for the last few days of it. Actually, St. George's, which they have chosen, holds just as many people as St. Margaret's.

At the Albrighton Hunt Ball, held at Weston Hall: Lady Anne Bridgeman and Mr. Michael Gillilan sitting out

except that three hundred of them have to sit up in the gallery.

ANOTHER alteration in wedding plans is that the reception to be given by Lady Walter Gordon-Lennox, after her son's marriage to Miss Diana Kingsmill, at the Duchess of Northumberland's house in Prince's Gate has been postponed until February 2nd. Instead of the usual rather stuffy affair, there is going to be an orchestra and dancing from 10.45 p.m. onwards. The newly married couple are still skiing in the Gatineau Mountains on their somewhat novel honeymoon.

Lord Poulett and Lady Bridget Poulett in their twin ski-ing suits, one of the features of St. Moritz while they were staying there

former King of Spain. With him at St. Moritz is Prince Alfonso d'Orleans Bourbon. Another St. Moritz regular is Princess George Imeritinski. St. Moritz, indeed, is spluttering with titles. Prince Sixte de Bourbon, the explorer, is there with his wife. So is the Duchesse d'Arenburg and Baron Maurice de Rothschild.

To revert to weddings for a moment. That of Mr. George Garside and Lady Mary Onslow took place quietly, almost unexpectedly, last week at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's Square. The sudden alteration in the date was due to the fact that the bridegroom had to join his regiment much earlier than was surmised.

SKI-ING at St. Moritz, despite the funicular up to Corviglia Hut, has never been very popular compared with bobbing, riding the Cresta, skating, and drinking cocktails at the Palace Hotel. We hear that the Duke of Alba and Prince Réné de Bourbon are paying their usual visit. So, too, is that nice boy, Prince Alvaro, who is seen all too seldom in London, thanks to his engineering studies in Switzerland.

PRINCE ALVARO is a great friend of Lord Birkenhead, and his father is an Infante, that is to say, the grandson of a

YES, marriage is very much in the air. There was that party given for the future Lady Smiley by Mrs. Somerset Maugham. We wonder whether the guests of honour knew in advance that they were going to be presented with a pair of love birds in cages tied up with white ribbon, and if so, what they thought about it. Personally, it would have made us feel rather ridiculous.

AMONG the guests were Prince George, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lord Charles Cavendish, the Stanleys of Alderley, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, who has been "hunting the fox," and when I last saw him was hunting the golf ball at Addington. Lady Bridget Poulett, back from St. Moritz, was there too.

MISS BARBARA HUTTON, for we are still thinking of weddings, is once again heart-whole—or, rather, she is no longer attached to the handsome foreign Prince who was over here recently. We learn, via Paris, that she telephoned to him from New York shortly after her return to say that it was useless for him to follow her out there.

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Roger Frankland, who was Miss Elizabeth Sanday before her marriage in 1930, and her small son, Timothy Cecil, who is a year and a bit

Mrs. David Forbes, who is the daughter of the of Lord Faringdon, married Mr. David Forbes of Callendar, in 1931. Their daughter is call

Above : Miss Brotherhood and Lady Romayne Cecil, Lord Burghley's younger sister, at the Fitzwilliam Hunt Pony Club meet at Burghley House, Lord Exeter's place near Stamford

FROM Billy Gardner, king of Pourville, we hear that Algiers is almost dead, and that in Paris the latest joint is the Tour de Babel. More than eight hundred and fifty French people turned up for the opening night, and champagne was £2 10s. to £3 a bottle. As for the Ritz, the bar is almost empty, and a number of the famous glass display cases are empty too. Long live London !

MAYFAIR'S latest dancer is Lolita Benavente, who is crowding Quaglino's even more than usual. The other night there was hardly room to breathe, with the Grand Duke Dmitri's party, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lady Delamere's party, the Queensberrys, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, Lord Blandford, and Lady Veronica Hornby. Lolita Benavente dances quite wonderfully, and clicks her fingers instead of the castanets, which must be quite painful until you get used to it.

OUR coming-and-going department reports a house-party at Eaton Hall, given by the Duke

(*Continued on page 140*)

Below : Lady Janet Montgomerie and Lady Violet Pakenham photographed in their Early Victorian fancy dresses. They are both to be bridesmaids to Lady Anne Wellesley

Bassano

Right : Lady Ravensdale and Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty at Old Dalby Hall when the Quorn met there recently

Elwin Neame

Hon. Arnold and Mrs. Henderson, and a granddaughter Coldstream Guards, who is the son of Mr. C. W. Forbes, Rosemary Devina, and was born at the end of last year

Elwin Neame

Another member of the very youngest generation is Miss Jane Carey, who is three months old. She posed in a perfectly self-possessed way for her photograph with her mother, Mrs. Carey, who is the attractive wife of Major A. D. Carey

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Mr. E. C. Paget made a good landing over the open ditch in the Leatherhead Steeplechase, at Gatwick; his horse, Friar Dominic, remained the other side, with Pishogue, who refused

Lord Stalbridge and Lady Blanche Douglas Scott were two who went to Gatwick for the January Steeplechase Meeting, which was held in almost April-like sunshine

Left: Mr. Smith Bingham and Mrs. Alistair Campbell were two Warwickshire regulars who went racing at Leicester

In the paddock at Leicester: Miss Jennings and Miss Winifred Spooner, the famous airwoman, considering possible winners

SEVERAL years ago, the Stewards of the National Hunt announced that, in future, in all races under N.H. Rules, the jockeys should draw for places at the start.

I REMEMBER a "panicky" Pressman rushing into the Press-room, exclaiming, "They can't do that! What will George Duller say?" To which a wise and right-thinking gentleman replied: "Who the hell cares what George Duller says?"

THE point of this story is not to remind you of the bad old days of jumping, when there were seldom more than two triers a race, and as Duller almost invariably rode one of them, he thought he was entitled to the best place. Nor is it to recall the fact how scared stiff the other jockeys were of him, but simply to illustrate the sort of reception meted out to any proposed reform in connection with the Turf.

THIS week I am going to embark on a few proposed reforms, and, frankly, I don't care two hoots what all the George Dullers in the world say about them. Any innovation must of necessity tread on somebody's toes, and the trouble about the people of this country is that they are always too occupied thinking of the few injured toes to appreciate the good which would result to the feet of the community at large.

To start off with, let 's have a word with the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the Stewards of the National Hunt.

IT is your boast, I know, that you allow each race-course to run its own show, but would it be taking too much upon yourselves to insist that all Clerks of Courses come into line and grant all owners with a horse entered a free pass for the Club enclosure?

IMMEDIATELY, I hear one of your weaker brethren murmur something about "We can't do that. What would Kempton and Sandown say?" It may not surprise some of you to know, though, that I have my answer ready: "Who cares a !!! !!! what Kempton and Sandown say?"

FURTHERMORE, Sandown should be instructed that, unless they entirely reconstruct their car parks, they will have to hold their meetings elsewhere. I bear no malice against either of these two clubs, of both of which I am a member. No successful concerns these days, though, can afford to be either inhospitable or obsolete—much less both.

Mr. E. Gayton, who rode Miss E. M. Bullock's Nimbo in the first race at Leicester, but not into first place; with him is his fiancée, Miss Warring

Left: the Prince and Princess of Nepal, who came over to the race meeting at Leicester from Melton Mowbray, where the Prince is hunting this season

Capt. Noel Newton, a steward of the Leicester meeting, whose horse, Royal Don, was the winner of the first race, walking round with Mrs. Newton

I HAVEN'T finished with the Clerks of the Courses yet. When you 've once got us into your commodious and well-appointed courses, you *must* let us out again. By that I mean, whether we are in the Silver Ring or the Members' Enclosure, you must give us a pass-out check so that we can watch races down the course. Then this competition amongst the staffs of the racecourse caterers as to who should serve up the dirtiest glass, spoon, knife, fork, and plate should really be suppressed. " Jumbo "

ISN'T it time that monopolies were abolished on the Turf ? They exist in no other walk of life these days. I refer particularly to the monopoly granted to one particular firm of auctioneers, and the pick of the National Stud for their racing career, granted to a noble Earl.

MONOPOLIES are dangerous things. Imagine if they were carried still further. Fancy seeing a notice posted—

" Only Lord Derby's horse must try in the first race at Liverpool."

" Permission has been given to Fred Darling to run a bye at Salisbury ! "

The first jump in the Clayton Steeplechase at Gatwick, which was won by Mrs. Boswell-Preston's Hyppolytus, with Wenham up, from Flying Arab and Three Feathers

All Over Together

Joliffe has worked wonders for one firm of caterers, and please don't think any of my remarks are levelled at Ada and Mother, both of whom I 've been in love with for twenty years.

ADA dispenses hospitality at nearly every meeting, but Mother is rather county these days. She will, of course, always be associated with the champagne bar at Ascot, and she must, in her time, have seen more of the aristocracy " Nicely, thank you," than any woman in the world.

COMMENCING next week, I am going to introduce each week into my article a brief pen-picture of one of the many types of Regulars. The characters themselves will be fictitious, but it is not my fault if, in some cases, they bear some resemblance to people in real life.

I HAVE no sort of sympathy with the person who reads a paragraph and exclaims, " How dare he ? That's me ! " Not even the most eccentric of us would wear a hat several sizes too small or too large for us. My advice to all my readers who consider that some uncomplimentary remark may refer to them is, " If the cap doesn't fit, don't wear it." Next week I will introduce you to the Hon. Ferdinand ffindout.

Two more regulars at the Leicester meeting were Mrs. Geoffrey Pease and Mrs. Pat Dennis

Another Leicester group: Mr. J. Fawcus, the G.R., who was not riding that day, however, with Miss Carter, Mr. Carter, who is in the 16th Lancers, and Miss Atchinson-Clark

Above: a snapshot of Gertrude Lawrence and her daughter, Pam, taken just after they arrived in St. Moritz, eating their first Swiss meal at the attractive Palace Bar

Right: the latest camera study of Gertrude Lawrence before she went to Switzerland. Her next London appearance will be on the screen, when "Lord Camber's Ladies" is first shown

Below: a most popular St. Moritz event was Gertrude Lawrence snowballing in the village street, and getting her back to a tree as a refuge from revenge in the offing

Paul Tanqueray

Home and Away

The One-and-Only Gertrude Lawrence Takes a Swiss Holiday

MRS. DROGO MONTAGU has got an intelligently charming face, a rather vague way of talking, and an unusual, but sometimes not so attractive, taste in clothes. Her husband is one of the best-looking young men in London and with "oh, such a way" with him.

LADY MASSEREENE is devoted to her son, John Skeffington. Lady Beauchamp adores

The Secretary of State for Air spends one of his evenings off, while the House is in recess, at the Hungaria; he and Lady Londonderry were there last week

Two and two made four at the Café de Paris when the Comte de Sibour and Miss Thora Maclagan, and Mr. B. Anderson and Miss B. Maclagan were there together

Photographs Swaebe

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

Richard Lygon, her "not quite grown-up" youngest son. I always find it difficult to believe that Lord Carlow is Lady Portarlington's only son. I often see her dancing gaily with attractive young Mr. Ian Menzies.

WHAT offers for a very lovely "lovely," now definitely unattached? A "lady" of great charm.

QUITE the prettiest dress I've seen lately is Lady Mount Temple's lipstick red one, with tiny little bands of pale fur on the sleeves. One less attractive is Mrs. Hollway's brown velvet skirt with a white lace top.

WHY does Mr. More O'Ferrall look so worried?

Why does Miss Edythe Baker look so pleased?

Why does the Countess de Pret Roose wear a prim expression?

Why does Mrs. Pat Anderson wear so much black velvet?

Why does a fat woman we all know insist on dancing with thin young men?

EVERYONE is talking about the very titled beauty and the "well-known-on-playing-fields" peer; they are so happy, and who asks for more in this difficult world of ours? Here's long life to a very charming and discreetly conducted romance.

HOW lovely Lady Ashley is, and how nice it is to have her about again! Her milky skin is more exquisite than ever, and her sense of humour is as sharp as before. She is always extraordinarily chic, and originally dressed in perfect taste.

THE ex-debs seem to be scattered. Lady Bridget Poulett is in Switzerland. I wonder if she powders her nose every time she "falls" when ski-ing?

MISS JOAN EYRES-MONSELL has gone to Gib. She is smart, but she is not a great conversationalist. The one and only Whigham is in London.

EXCITEMENT in Mayfair.

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg has shaved his moustache.

Miss Margaret Whigham has shortened her hair.

Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston has a noticeable tiara.

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, whom we remember better as the beautiful Mrs. Dudley Coats, has a perfectly shaped oval face; there is no one else who has quite that lovely line. Fay Compton has beautiful bones—as the artists say. Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper has a round face.

LADY DUNN is entrancing at St. Moritz; we all love her smile and her gaiety. Mrs. Roland Robinson is the smartest person on the ice; she is so neat, and skates well. I've rather lost my heart to Mrs. Hugh Kindersley, who is a pet.

WHY is a St. Moritz blonde so cross? After all, boys will be boys—in this climate, anyway—and he is so sorry.

MRS. JAMES BECK is very Empire these days; her high-waisted dresses and tiny puff sleeves certainly become her. Lady Seafield should follow her type and be definitely Victorian; and Lady Caroline Paget would look perfectly at home in Restoration garb.

MRS. LEO D'ERLANGER is so lovely that I would like her to look a little happier about it. If beauties could only remember to look radiant, even if they have to dance with the biggest bore in London! Mrs. Armstrong Jones radiates radiance, and is quite dazzlingly lovely in consequence.

LET us talk about the men. Whom have I seen lately? Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, too good-looking to be true; Sir Hugh Seely, rather thin and pinched, perhaps from escaping continuously from the matrimonial net; Mr. Toby Waddington, very dapper; Captain Peter Macdonald, M.P., very conversational—as usual.

IS he really going to marry her? Her husband says he isn't.

TWO who look really nice in the country—Lady May Abel Smith and Lady Diana Finch-Hatton.

Two who look really nice in London—Mrs. Julie Thompson and Lady Veronica Hornby.

Two who look really nice at functions (grand ones)—Lady Jersey and Lady Howe.

Two who look really nice in bed—Lady—— Sorry; censored!

At the Theatre

Good Going in Pastures Fresh and New

"Fresh Fields"

I'D have you notice the rude spot of bathos in the surnames which Ivor Novello hitches to his impoverished Duke's daughters. Ellis Jeffreys is Lady Mary *Crabbe* (the e, unlike her Ladyship, being silent) ; Lilian Braithwaite, out-lilying languor, is Lady Lilian *Bedworthy*. Coarsely, maybe, but effectively, both labels remove the veneer from aristocracy in adversity. The Braithwaite, wilting in the languid regalia of oriental silk and bridal white, is a pale flower, unplucked, but avid for the gleaning. The Jeffreys is the grande dame with more bark than bite, and the old devilment which had soul-mated her to the defunct Crabbe.

That gay dog had a bar-parlour manner which went big "down under." Witness the arrival of Mrs. Pigeon (Minnie Rayner), still cherishing convivial memories, her daughter, Una (Eileen Peel), and bluff brother Tom (Fred Groves) from a hostelry in Brisbane where once the Crabbe thirst made whoopee.

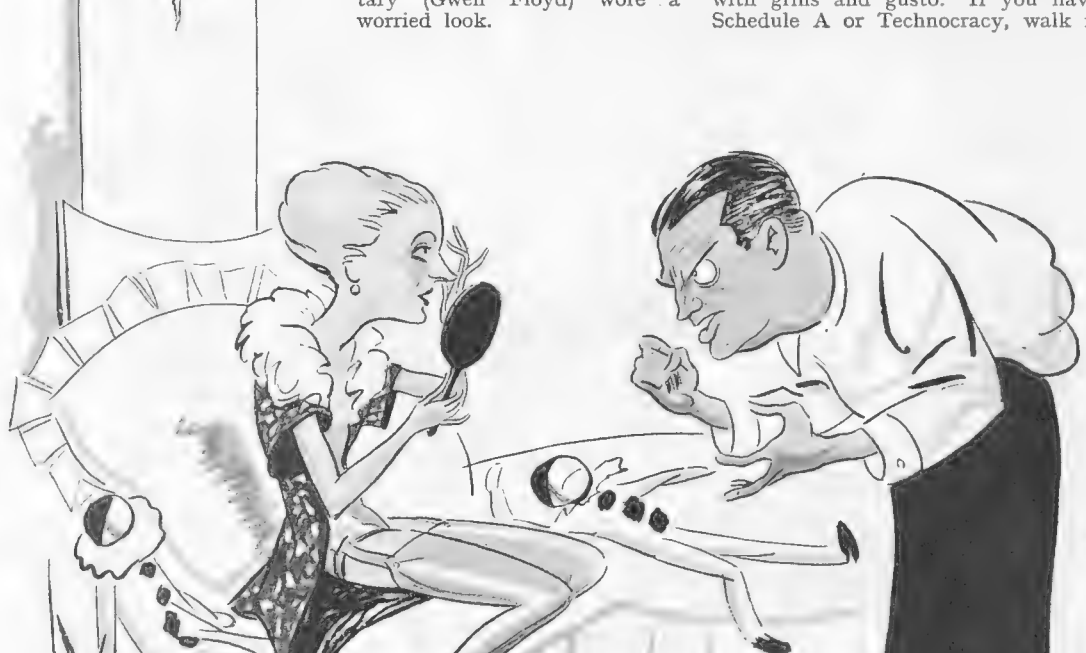
IN spite of Mary the downright opening bazaars at a fiver apiece, and Lilian (the humbug !) advising amorous housemaids with skins like cheeses on their spots or their boy friends in her "Let Me Help You" column, the wheezy butler (Martin Sands) got no wages and the self-effacing secretary (Gwen Floyd) wore a worried look.

Even when the aborigines were lured from the Ritz as paying guests at £10 a room, the staff still went short, when most staffs would have gone altogether. Mrs. Pigeon hadn't the heart to tell Tom, who had the money-bags, and Mary, knowing her Lilian, kept mum. In this double-edged sword of Shamocles, so prolific of duels to come, you, as a trained playgoer, will spot the craftsman's strain in Mr. Novello's theatrical constitution. You will notice, too, his pretty choice in sisterly opposites, or, rather, the pre-selective cunning which matches two of our most infallible and provocative comediennes in prolonged skirmish. These superb and supreme ladies owe the actor in Mr. Novello a laurel wreath and a gold cigarette-case or two for giving them skin-fitting parts crisper than shortbread and richer than caviare.

AND how they show their gratitude ! I 'm thinking of that Braithwaitian high-spot where, each party being duly primed by deception in the good, old-fashioned manner, the male Pigeon pursues his mate round tables and chairs, like an amorous hawk ravishing a not-too-reluctant dove. "Putting her across his knee," Tom calls it. "Rape ! " is the dove's outraged coo. And again of the final capture—Lilian held high in manly arms. 'Twas a famous Australian victory. Bedworthy, caught and bowled Pigeon. . . .

BEFORE I hand out a bouquet to the author, here 's one apiece for Minnie Rayner's buoyant vulgarian and Eileen Peel's artistic use of the soft pedal. She almost got away with the over-quick transformation of hoyden into Whigham. Two capital efforts. You couldn't improve, either, on Fred Groves's honest Aussie, Martita Hunt's great lady, or Robert Andrews as Una's hesitating victim. Style will out.

Now for our Mr. Novello. Well, he 's a bad, bright lad. Wit ought to well up in him and keep welling. It does, often, but he can't resist playing truant and (forgive my sixth-form manner) cocking a lower-school snook. And sometimes he 's a bit cheap and sometimes he 's rather rude. He gives us that Cholmondeley one about Bottomley being pronounced "Bumley." But he hastily admits it 's an old one and so makes his get-away before you can tell him he 's a naughty boy and will he please bend over. Lecture over, herewith the warm hand of gratitude for an evening packed with grins and gusto. If you have anything to laugh off, like Schedule A or Technocracy, walk right in.



Unusual bed-room scene in a Cochran-esque décor. Unusual because the couple, Mr. and Mrs. Packard (Carol Goodner and Lyn Harding) are married, and the passion displayed is solely that of bad temper

A crisis in the kitchen : the the Butler (Ivan Brandt) fight maid (Jane Baxter), and over

Sketches of "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre, by Rouson

The philandering physician (Martin Lewis), takes a call, before making one, from one of his many female hypochondriacs

"Dinner at Eight"

"DINNER AT EIGHT" is, as you have known for weeks (even if you don't get your daily Leadlay bulletin), one of those beehive plays, where you take bits out of the hive here and there and just say "Hallo!" to this bee and that bee. There may be a Queen Bee and a few kingly bees, but, naturally, you can't get a peep at them all. Too many bees and not enough time.

This "How-d'ye-do—good-bye" business is all against the playwriting rules of stylists like Ibsen, Pinero, and Maugham. But I'm not grumbling—much. I'm inquisitive and a bit Athenian about new tricks. I'm intrigued by the unseen undercurrents in the lives of strangers. I like the theory that every humdrum governess with the lid off is a Mata Hari—if we only knew.

Well, bit by bit, and after thirteen scenes, we do know quite a lot about Mrs. Jordan's dinner guests. We know that the whole affair is a flop, a farce, or a tragedy. The titled English folk have cried off at the last moment, and that settles Mrs. Jordan, whom we accept as a typical thrusting American hostess, even though Irene Vanbrugh's English charm and breeding take some of the sting out of her empty-headedness. I pause here to wonder whether the New York version is peppier throughout; here we get Lyn Harding talking Shaftesbury Avenue American, Tristan Rawson (Mr. Jordan) sticking to English, and David Burns and Carol Goodner, the only Americans in the cast (and, oh, how good they are!), snapping out the real thing. A mere detail, but, with no time to waste, snap counts. If all these people want to get acquainted with us, they've got to look lively. And be *heard*. That's a mild back-hander for Mabel Terry-Lewis, excellent as a poor relation, and Margaret Vines, as the Jordan daughter who is left piteously waiting, after the others have trooped noisily in to dinner, for her seducer, the drunken, down-and-out film star. Miss Vines has too fine and sensitive a sense of res lachrymae (which is Latin for "the hell of it all") to disappoint our intellects through our ears.

But about these bees. Mr. Jordan is dying of heart-disease, while his business is being ruined, accidentally by a faded and flamboyant actress (Laura Cowie) and deliberately by the big, bluffing bully (Lyn Harding), whose peroxide wife (Carol Goodner) is carrying on with the Doctor (Martin Lewis) with the contemptuous tolerance of his wife (Juliet Mansel).

Below stairs, drama is still rampant, even in the lobster soufflé, which gets obliterated in a scuffle between the Italian chauffeur (Leslie Perrins) and the Swiss butler (Ivan Brandt), whom the parlour-maid (Jane Baxter) has married, only to find he has a wife and family in Switzerland.

All the scenes are lively, those chez Jordan the least so. I think you'll vote for those in which Basil Sydney, superbly drunk and derelict, achieves a gaseous suicide, and the crook financier and his low-down wife storm and quarrel in an all-white bedroom.

A wow on Broadway, a winner at the Palace, a fine talkie, a prime stepper for speed, a stimulating exercise in intelligent anticipation, an orgy of talent welded into a team (count the lines of some of the top-liners), another excuse for the revolving stage, a red-letter night for Edna Ferber, her joint-author and producer, George S. Kaufman, and our old friend in the showman's hat, Charles B. Cochran, of London, Eng.

TRINCULO

Right: Mrs. Jordan (Irene Vanbrugh), whose dinner at eight is the basis on which the play is built

Chauffeur (Leslie Perrins) and for the favours of the parlour-goes the lobster for the soufflé

Larry Renault (Basil Sydney), a former film star, finding himself down and out and on the shelf, instead of on the screen, comes to the conclusion that turning on the tap will not waste the gas

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

WESTMINSTER is more or less itself again. Of course, Parliament is still away, but the Cabinet are back at work and Whitehall and Downing Street are beginning to take on their usual busy air. It is almost impossible to describe, and, except to the habitué, it is probably imperceptible; but when the Prime Minister is at No. 10, when Ministers are about, or in their Departments, there is a different atmosphere pervading from Admiralty Arch to Parliament Square compared with when they are not.

DOMESTICALLY things are very quiet, and one of the surprises of the last few months has been the extraordinary inactivity of the Socialists. There can never have been a time when they were doing so little, or even saying so little. Whether they are thinking a lot no one knows.

THERE is a lack of direction in the opposition to the National Government, which, I am inclined to think, is very fortunate for the National Government. The propaganda of the Government is bad. The appeal to a united nation has been allowed to be forgotten, and what propaganda there is is on strictly Party lines.

THE Liberal Nationalists, under Mr. Hore-Belisha's shrewd command, at least have the wisdom to be silent. They are, however, certainly not inactive, and the East Fife by-election would have been a foregone conclusion, the result mainly of clever tactics, had not Lord Beaverbrook stepped in to split the vote.

THE Conservative Central Office, as usual, are in a difficult position, but not, as usual, through any fault of theirs. At Palace Chambers, though, one gets the impression that we are back again in the palmy days of 1924 to 1929. The propaganda emitted from there helps the illusion.

INCIDENTALLY, can it be true that Lord Stonehaven, despatched to Scotland as Chairman of the Party, to deal tactfully with a great gathering of Scottish farmers, was hurriedly recalled by the Ministry of Agriculture after his first interview?

As for the National Labour organisation, the Third member of the Trinity, who might have been expected to be faintly original—its birth and the attendant midwives led us to believe so—is, if anything, more reactionary than the Conservative Central Office. And, unbelievably, more facetious. The *News Letter*, the fortnightly review, is the most frightfully humorous production I have ever come across in my life.

FOR this I am forced to blame Lord De La Warr. He is in charge of the Prime Minister's new party. But maybe he has been devoting himself exclusively to agriculture. As Under-Secretary, he should have made more of the chance he had by being No. 2 to Sir John Gilmour. Now, with Major Elliot as his chief, he has lost his opportunity. His immediate future can only be secondhand.

SIR JOHN GILMOUR, by the way, has caused a first-class storm by the imprisonment of Tom Mann, for which, as Home Secretary, he is ultimately responsible. Such apparently insignificant actions have, in their time, caused Governments to fall; but in this case, it has merely resulted in one of the most farcical episodes, surely, in political history. Mr. Lansbury, seething with righteous indignation, leaves for Lossiemouth to beg, pray, threaten, command the Prime Minister to order Mr. Mann's release. Mr. MacDonald, receiving Mr. Lansbury as an old friend and standing him lunch, packs him off home again, indignation evaporated, only indigestion left. Mr. Mann stays in prison; Mr. Lansbury loses his public; and the great constitutional issue is forgotten.

THE rapidity with which the centre of political interest shifts leaves even the more experienced of us a trifle breathless. South Africa, Ireland, Manchuria, Poland, Persia, each of them for a day has taken first place in the news, only to be relegated twenty-four hours later to a back page. No wonder that Mr. MacDonald, on being asked what he wanted for a Christmas present, is supposed to have said, "An atlas."

Mr. Dingle Foot, National Liberal M.P. for Dundee, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Elliston, daughter of a former Mayor of Ipswich, photographed after their wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's Church, Ipswich

I AM continuing to hear a certain amount of unfavourable comment on the forced resignation of Mr. Michael Beaumont, who was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education—Mr. Ramsbotham. But the comment is not unfavourable to Mr. Beaumont or even to the Whips, who, it is realised, were merely carrying out their duties. The man who is criticised is Mr. Ramsbotham. Why did he allow his P.P.S. to be sentenced to the Back Benches? And, if he did protest, could he have protested very vigorously? And even after that, was there nothing he could have done about it? On other grounds, Mr. Ramsbotham is being a success. He is blessed uncommonly with common sense, and seems to be just the right man for his job.

Belles of St. Moritz

And Some of their Beaux

Right: one of the most attractive people in St. Moritz is Miss Pamela Deuchar, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Deuchar's second daughter; she finds the fence useful for a halt in the sun on her way up to Suvretta

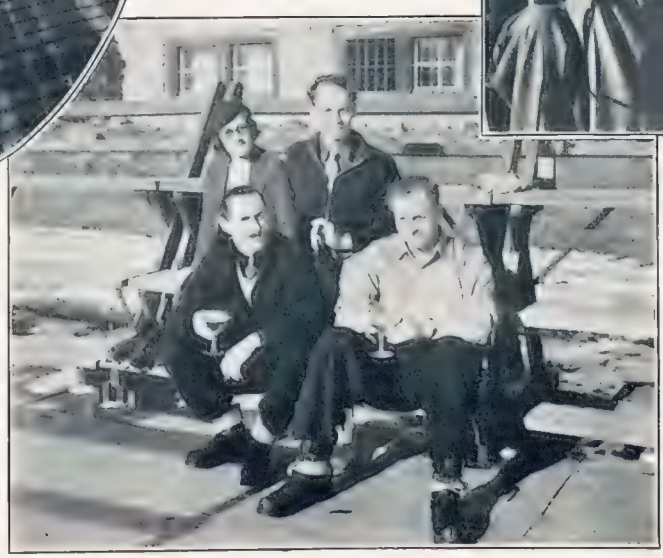
Mlle. Jacqueline Citroën on the skating-rink at St. Moritz. Her father, M. André Citroën, the car king, is staying out there too, and has taken two caterpillars with him for expeditions

Sir Orme Clarke and his niece, Miss Davidson, are at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with a large family party

Vilma Banky, who is staying at Maloja with her husband, Rod la Roque, came over to St. Moritz to see what was doing. She is due in London for the world première of her new film, "The Rebel"

Above: Mrs. Leslie Fenton, who in public life is Ann Dvorak, the film star, was on the terrace of the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz when she was photographed

Above: Mr. "Chris" Mackintosh, one of the best of ski-ers, "Rugger" players and athletes generally, who arrived by aeroplane with Lord Clydesdale, is with Mrs. Richardson, whose husband is also a well-known ski-er, and has written a book on ski-ing



Left: a beer-drinking interval on the Suvretta rink, posed by Mr. "Turk" Radcliffe, Mr. "Fordie" Flower, both late of the 9th, Mrs. Reginald Foster, and Mr. Godfrey Winn, the author

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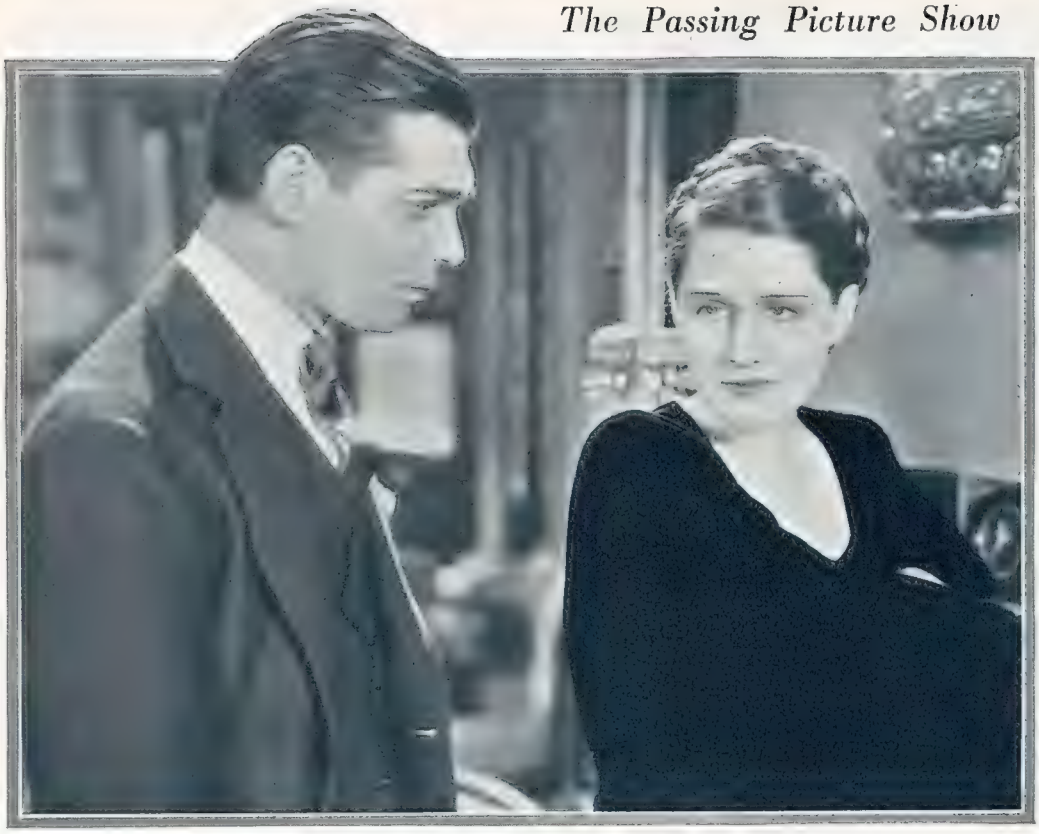
The Passing Picture Show



Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are hardly recognisable to their fans in "Strange Interval," the film version of Eugene O'Neill's play, so strange is the guise they have to adopt as loud-speakers for their thoughts

The Normal and Abnormal

By Sydney Tremayne

I AM often tempted to emulate Mr. Hannen Swaffer and draw attention to my own infallibility. Once he admitted he was wrong about a play: "I said it would run six nights. It came off after the fifth." Well, I was a voice crying in the critical wilderness when *The Blue Light* was first shown, and after a phenomenally long run, it had to be shown again at the Rialto because the public wanted more. *Tempest* is another film the popularity of which has more than justified my encomiums. *Tell Me To-night*, which I thought was a good show, owed practically none of the steady support the public gave to it to the critics. Films are not made for the delectation of a few surfeited professional critics, but for the entertainment of the masses, and, as a rule, I think I can gauge the probable public response to a given picture; but since even Mr. Swaffer was wrong once . . .

I DO not think that the public will like *Strange Interval* enough to make the Empire management depart from their policy of a one-week run; in which case, it will have been replaced by *Rain*—in which Joan Crawford is more intensely dramatic than ever and would appear to emulate Karloff in the matter of monstrous disguise—by the time this appears.

But it is impossible for anyone interested in film technique to pass over *Strange Interval* without a word, and I do believe that there *is* a public for this curious and experimental picture, but not, I fancy, the public that goes to the Empire—which I take to be essentially a "fan" audience—unless the fact that Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are in the cast allures them; but they will not like their favourites in *Strange Interval*, because, during the second of the two hours which this film lasts, they are both pictured growing older, and, from the film-fan point of view, less attractive.

Clark Gable is simply badly cast and ill at ease. His make-up as an old man is almost ludicrously bad. But Norma Shearer triumphs over the designed loss of youthful beauty. Hers is a magnificent study of a woman in every stage and age. This is not every woman, it is a Eugene O'Neill conception: Nina is not untainted by modern neurosis and Freudian sex-consciousness, but, as the playwright conceived and Norma Shearer interprets her, she is consistent.

As a girl, she regrets, to the verge of morbidity, not having given herself to the man she loved and would have married and who was killed. The sublimation of this regret by over-generosity towards other men not proving successful, she tries marriage, with the idea that having a baby will ease the restless urge. It was bad luck that, having chosen an apparently suitable father for her children, he should prove to belong to a family tainted with insanity. His reason, as well as hers, appears to depend on their marriage being fruitful, and so she has her baby, but makes sure of her son's sanity by taking a sturdy scientist as her lover.

THERE is one magnificent scene, in which Norma Shearer shows the woman in the plenitude of her power, the moment of her triumph as a woman, with all her men gathered round her and obeying her will: the fatuous and adoring husband, the lover who ran away but has had to return, the old friend, platonically in love with her; and, upstairs, the baby—her son.

IT is a tribute to Norma Shearer that the expedient of allowing the audience to hear the character's unspoken thoughts, is unnecessary in the case of Nina, so revealing is her facial expression. It is most entertaining in the case of "poor old Charlie," the equivocal friend, and most unsuccessful and disturbing when applied to Ned Warren, the lover, as played by Clark Gable. He is an actor of action, not of subtle mental processes, and it was cruel to give him such an uncongenial part.

IT is to be hoped that the application of the description "highbrow" to this picture will not kill it stone-dead, for it has many extremely interesting aspects, apart from the so-called innovation of letting the characters say aloud the secret truth, often the opposite of their socially appropriate utterances—really our old friends, the soliloquy and the aside, in modern dress. What is more interesting is the attempt to make psychology dramatically interesting on the screen. The weakness of the picture, as it was of the play, is that the characters—and especially Nina, the principal one—are not normal.

TO revert to the extra-normal in film fare, there is quite a good and amusing picture called, unfortunately, *Lawyer Man*, in which William Powell and Joan Blondell play the chief parts. Powell, as a cheap but clever East Side lawyer, blatant, boastful, wearing a wide-brimmed sailor-hat and ready-made light grey suit, shows what an extremely competent actor he is. There is something in the character and his way of interpreting it that is reminiscent of some of Arnold Bennett's Five Town protagonists: one can see him as a Clayhanger or a "Card" and, strangely enough, he resembles, at times, Arnold Bennett himself.

IN *Lawyer Man*, Powell cleverly builds up the character of his man, "betraying" the weakness for "dames," which proves his undoing after he has been taken into partnership by a firm of important and, if there is such a thing in America, respectable advocates. He takes up a breach-of-promise case for a jilted chorus-girl and earns the enmity of the unscrupulous but important gentleman she is suing. She "settles out of court" without her lawyer's cognisance, and helps her recovered lover to trap him and accuse him of blackmail. He is ruined, but fights his way back and, in the final sequence, returns to the East Side, where he belongs, with his loyal and loving little secretary, admirably played by Joan Blondell.

The "Happy Ever After" Lilian

Oh, Hollywood, What Hast Thou Done?

Perhaps when Lilian Harvey was very young, she used to dream of being a great film star and going to Hollywood. If she did, she does not think so much of her dream now it's come true, for her microphone farewell to Berlin was sobbed out in a broken-hearted way. She is now on her way to work in the Fox Studios on her new contract and evidently doesn't seem at all pleased about it! Does it mean that the lure of Hollywood has come to this?

THE LADY DELAMERE

A portrait by Keith Bryant of Lord Delamere's lovely wife, who, before her marriage in 1924, was Miss Phyllis Scott, daughter of Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest brother. Lord and Lady Delamere have two daughters of seven and five. Lord Delamere succeeded to the title in 1931

If Gossip We Must . . .

Socialist Slanders—Marlene Dietrich's Trousers—
A Pachmann Reminiscence—Introducing Soglow

Hungarian Beauty

A Viennese camera-study of La Jana, the beautiful Hungarian dancer who is now appearing at Ciro's Club with Anton Dolin. La Jana was the principal dancer in the Berlin production of "Casanova"

TELL a Socialist, particularly a Socialist with a lofty brow, that he is a hypocrite and he will turn and revile you.

He will probably add that hypocrisy and smugness are the attributes of parsons; that he does not like parsons, except of an isolated and peculiar type, and that, on the whole, Russia is right.

YET for smugness of the ultra-Pharisaical order, commend me to what is left of the Socialist Party. I cull the following from an article in its leading weekly organ, which is headed "Poverty and Charity." For poverty of ideas and lack of any sort of charity it would be hard to beat.

HERE is one passage: "The Government are justified in protesting that they cannot cure unemployment. But the protest is hardly needed. *No sane person expects them to do anything of the sort, or even to try, seeing that they are a capitalist and not a Socialist Government.*" The italics are mine. (Italics are still free and untaxed.)

BY HEREWARD

"Workhouse, James"

APART from the insinuation that nobody could possibly be sane who does not agree with the writer of the article, we have here in full blast the ancient assumption that the Socialists are the only people in the country who have a spark of decent feeling, who desire in any way to ameliorate the lot of their fellow creatures.

Is it really contended that no member of the Government, that not one of its supporters wishes unemployment to decrease? For, note that it says not only that the Government cannot cure unemployment but that it actually does not want to do so. It is not, of course, a capitalist Government at all; but that is only a minor inaccuracy.

YET, even if it were, how childish to suppose that (1) capitalists are, one and all, sadistic monsters who wish to see men unemployed and starving, and that (2) it is in the interests of capitalism to see the world in an economic quagmire!

THESE precious people state glibly, year in, year out, that unemployment proves that capitalism has broken down.

Then they add that capitalism wants the very thing that is supposed to have caused its breakdown. In other words, that capitalism wants to cut its own throat for the fun of the thing.

I would have expected

Driving, Not Riding

Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey, enjoying a game of golf with Mrs. Steve Donoghue and Miss Marion Forde on the links at Estoril, the famous Portuguese resort

better logic from fourth-form boys. Yet all this stuff emerges from the dome-like foreheads of solemnly spiteful people, all windy after a fortnight in Russia.

AND now let 's get on to something more pleasant.

Miss Marlene Dietrich's trousers, for instance.

The famous film star is said to have discarded female attire to " all intents and purposes."

To what intents and for what purposes I do not pretend to know. But she has brought, it seems, half-a-dozen male suits, and intends to wear them.

What, then, is to become of Miss Dietrich's famous film attitude, beloved of so many German actresses, of sitting with silk-clad legs crossed ? And showing a lot of silk-clad leg, too.

Have we set eyes for the last time on the Dietrich legs ? Is she, professionally speaking, on her last legs ?

Surely not.

I MET Miss Dietrich on her last visit to London. very feminine, very silent, very cryptic, and very unperturbed. I hope she returns.

But I hope she will not venture into the streets in any of those suits. If she does, she is liable to arrest.

Safety First!

The ship's officers of the Lapland have got these two young passengers taped during the drill which is a feature of a voyage. The Red Star Liner Lapland is the boat which will sail on " The Bystander " cruise on June 17 to Madeira, Teneriffe, and the Azores and about which full particulars can be obtained from the usual agencies or the Company's Offices, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

This misfortune happened not so long ago to a fairly well-known English actress, whose walk down the Strand in male costume terminated abruptly.

But perhaps that was not altogether a misfortune. The papers were full of it.

EVEN the great Sarah Bernhardt essayed to wear the trousers in her day, as did George Sand.

Having hacked her way at sculpture in trousers for years, the Divine Sarah thought she would take a stroll in that garb outside the studio. It was not one of her public triumphs, and it was not repeated.

MARK HAMBOURG I have seen in the costume of a Red Indian—he appeared at an Albert Hall fancy-dress ball as Great Big Little Professional Pianist, or something of the sort.

Now he has come over all Indian in another way. He sends me a card from the Sher Shah Mosque in Old Fort, Delhi, with the information that the New Delhi, built by Lutyens, is " immense," that India is a wonderful place, and that for his concerts in Bombay, Calcutta, and Lucknow all seats were sold.

The great pianist has a long way to travel before he is home again in London. He is, in every sense, one of the best.

The Naughton and Gold Standard

Charles Naughton, Sally Stewart and Jimmy Gold, the principal comedians, and the " love interest " as they appear in " The Sleeping Beauty " at the Lyceum

Conversation Piece—New Ace of

THE death of the great pianist, Pachmann, has brought me the following reminiscence from Madame Bertha Moore, O.B.E., who, by the way, is the mother of Harold Huth, the famous film star : " It was at one of the Crystal

BY FRANK FORD

" I 'm blind without my glasses ; you look all fuzzy to me "

Form—At the Spades

Above will be seen an innovation at the Ace of Spades Club on the Kingston By-Pass, where a telephone is installed at every table, which enables trunk and other calls to be made, as well as confidential conversation to be carried on between guests, such as, "Doesn't Di look hideous in that dress!"

Palace Orchestral Concerts conducted by Sir August Manns that I first met Pachmann, the great pianist. I was the singer. He was playing a concerto, when suddenly there was a dramatic stop in the music. His memory had failed him, but, as usual, pretending that his hands were cold and he could not play, he rubbed them hard. (I have even seen him borrow a muff from someone in the audience, when he forgot his notes on another occasion!)

August Manns tapped his desk smartly, and once more a start was made; but at the same point Pachmann's memory failed again. He rushed off the platform and dashed into the artists' room and began storming at Manns, putting all the blame on him and the orchestra. Suddenly he was quiet; a beaming smile came over his face and he began fumbling in his pockets, from which he brought out some diamonds, which he placed on the floor and solemnly danced round, and was perfectly calm when the time came for his solo. He told me that when he practised he put the diamonds on the notes as he liked to see them glitter!"

Eric Gray

"Ballyhoo" at The Comedy

Zaidee Jackson and Walter Crisham playing in a number called "Black Magic," in the new revue, "Ballyhoo," at the Comedy Theatre

Mireille Perrey *Sasha*

The well-known French actress, who will appear in a new musical show entitled "The One Girl," which, after a preliminary try-out in the provinces, will come to the West End

Sasha

Anthony Shaw and Thea Holme, two of the mere laity, as they appear in Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral," a play dealing with clerical rivalry, at the New Theatre

ODES OF ENVY

No. 7.—The West-End Star

YOUR West-End actor, I admit,
I envy more than quite a bit.
His life, I understand, abounds
In one long whirl of social rounds,
For he is far away beyond
The common "rogue and vagabond."
In fact, it is his strictest rule
To be extremely Public School,
And, just to prove he is, he buys
A splendid range of Old Boys ties

He's never seen inside a pub.,
Although to the mirthful Garrick Club
He'll often go, some friend to vex
With tales of what the Earl of X
Said to him at his shoot when he
Was nodded to by Royalty;
For he will work both long and late
In his attempts to elevate
The Social Prestige of the Stage
Whereon his suits are all the rage.

And though some scoff at him, his heart
And soul are given to his Art;
If social fixtures will permit
And Dukes Preferred have slumped a bit,
Down to the theatre he will wend
His way for quite three nights on end,
To shed a lustre on the play
From which he draws so much per day,
And proves that he's unrivalled yet
At lighting up a cigarette.

ENVOI

I envy him a lot, I do,
For though I cannot act much, too
I'm never paid the smallest sal-
Ary for looking natural! *B. W.*

NEXT week England will be made all the livelier from the fact that in the pages of THE BYSTANDER will appear for the first time—but not the last—a series of drawings by Soglow which have caused all America to laugh. Soglow has invented a character who seems to be known as "the little king," a fellow, like Kipling's elephant, "of infinite resource and sagacity," with the added attribute of kindly humour. I feel sure that his adventures will appeal to all BYSTANDER readers with a sense of humour, which means all BYSTANDER readers, and that they will look forward to the doings of so delightfully human a personage.

"In the Wildernesse"

The West Kent Hunt Ball

Mr. L. A. d'Engel Brommer, Mr. F. Winstone-Scott, Sir Derrick Watson, Mr. G. Blake McGrath, and Mrs. Winstone-Scott at the Wildernesse Country Club, Sevenoaks, where the Ball was held

Mr. Leslie Urquhart, father of Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, the amateur rider, talking to Mrs. M. Wagner, Mrs. C. Craven, and Mrs. Leslie Urquhart

Mr. J. D. Birley and Miss M. Crewdson shared a glass, an ash-tray, a sofa and the camera while sitting out

Miss Ursula Darwin has a trombone lesson under the guidance of Mr. Van Straten, the leader of Quaglino's band, which was playing at the dance, while Major J. Higgins looks on

Above: Miss Molly Sinclair and Mr. Ivan Rutherford-Scott find one of those warm corners that make the next dance really a bit of a nuisance—

A very West Kent group at the Ball, including Capt. Cochran, Mr. Walter Monckton, M.F.H., Mrs. Davidson, wife of Mr. G. F. Davidson, the Joint Master, Mr. Cyril Bryce-Smith, and two of the Hunt servants

—While Mr. H. M. Allfrey and Miss Joan Marsham, in the photograph on the left, manage to make the stairs look a more comfortable sitting-out place than they ever are

When the "Flu" flew!

"My medical was right,
DEWAR'S settled it!"

E

Miss Diana Coventry is the younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry, and a cousin of the Earl of Coventry. Her engagement to Mr. John Mason, elder son of Major J. S. Mason, was announced last week. She will probably be one of Miss Whigham's nine bridesmaids on February 22

"Knock, Knock, Knocking at the

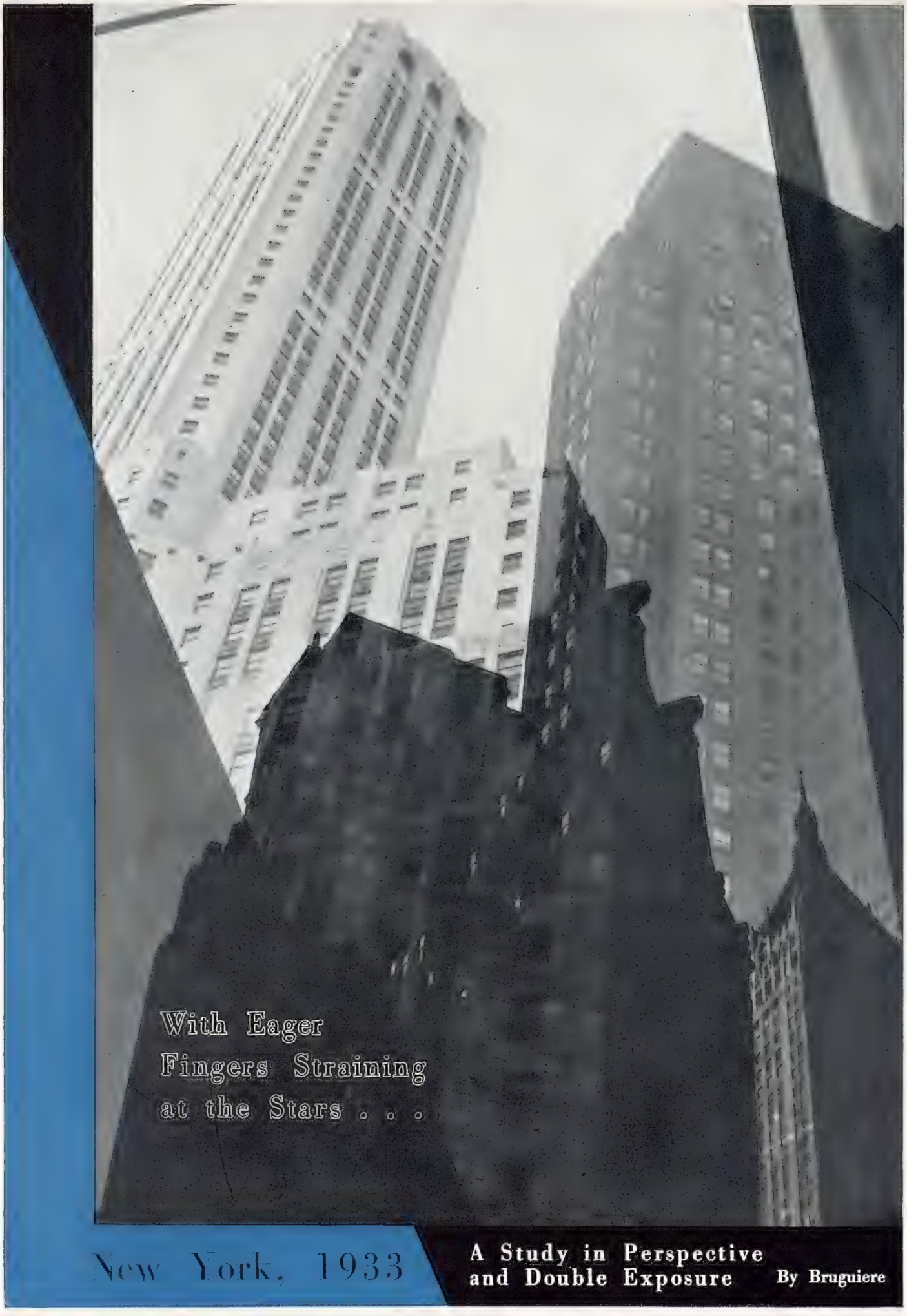
A new portrait of Miss Peggy Paget, t first marriage. Miss Paget, who will be ago; among her other accomplishments,

Photographs by Tunbridge

Door !"—Three of the Younger Generation

the Countess of Drogheda's daughter by her twenty this year, was presented two years , she is an extremely good horsewoman

Miss Francklin is the daughter of the late Capt. Philip Francklin, M.V.O., R.N., who was killed in action in 1914, and of Lady Brock, and is a grand-daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Baldwin Wake-Walker. Miss Francklin's stepfather is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Osmond Brock G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., of Slindon Dower House, Arundel


With Eager
Fingers Straining
at the Stars . . .
New York, 1933
A Study in Perspective
and Double Exposure
By Bruguiere

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

Scaioni

MISS SUNDAY WILSHIN, who is at present engaged in making a new film at Ealing, wears for winter sports a Burberry suit made of blue proofed gabardine. The jacket recalls a Dutch boy's coat and the trousers button over it

Latest Fashion News from the Riviera

OVER-DRESS (later it will be a beach dress) cut on bathing-suit lines. It is of azure blue wool, with a navy blouse. Note the big pockets in the skirt

DIE-HARDS of the Riviera. These uniforms die hard with villa-dwellers; their alteration or development each year is subtle. Dark blue shorts in heavy linen or flannel: this year they are a little shorter. The shirt is checked instead of striped, the belt is rope. The slacks are of grey flannel, the shirt is azure blue with a white collar. You can't exist without a dark blue suit. This one is single-breasted with white buttons. The dark blue coat is loose and warm and has neither buttons nor buckle. Bérets are larger, pulled forward and decorated with the inevitable anchor

LEOPARD etceteras on a white cloth coat are specially planned for blue skies and treacherous winds

LOOSE stone-coloured wool coat and skirt, with an unexpected black satin fascist shirt blouse to accompany it

Sketches which Forecast Spring Fashions

WHITE shorn lamb coat, the lamb shaved in diagonal ridges. This coat was worn with a white angora hat and black skirt and cravat

WASP-striped short-sleeved jersey, scarf and béret. The stripes are brown and yellow, the scarf tied in a bow

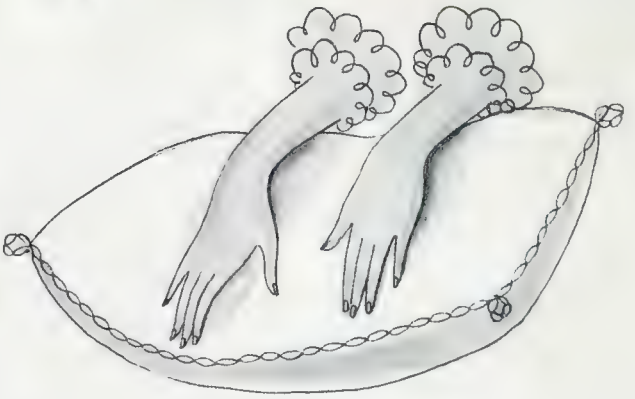
NEW arrivals in white. A very soft white woollen dress with bows of green gros-grain ribbon. The dress is very new and loose fitting. Crinkled velvet coat, everything about it is wrinkled; even the collar refuses to lie down flat. A white flannel tunic-length coat is worn over a navy blue flannel skirt

LOVELY ash-blonde lady in a woollen suit of wild violet colour and an enormous hem-length stole of silver fox. The spike on the top of her hat is of silver

The Gentle Art of Being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

A NEW cream-mask, which is astonishingly refreshing, does not dry or stretch the skin



THE care of the hands is an important item of beauty culture, and one which is often woefully neglected

I AM strongly in favour of an occasional visit to the salons of a reliable beauty specialist for a good facial treatment. If it *is* a good treatment, it will improve the condition of your skin and make you look younger, fresher, and more attractive, and the *moral* effect of this is of great importance. Self-confidence and gaiety are the best beauty agents in the world. Then there is the factor of rest. During a treatment, one relaxes, surrenders one's self to influences one believes to be good. . . . One is removed from the hubbub of everyday life. This in itself helps any reviving and refreshing treatment.

I know one woman who goes to her regular, periodic beauty treatments in an almost devotional spirit: she says "I just forget everything and give myself up to it." Certainly her faith is justified and her method commends itself, for she really does look little older than her own daughter, and her skin is not only unlined, but has that glow which youthful complexions have.

Since she admits that she is a devotee of beauty culture, she is constantly asked "how is it done?" and she is one of those more generous women always ready to be enthusiastic about her "discoveries" in this connection. Her belief in certain specifics and treatments is infectious, especially in view of their obvious success in her case, to which, of course, her natural serenity, buoyancy, a good constitution, and her concentration on being a good *subject* for beauty treatment contribute.

THE new Madison method of permanent waving does not affect hair which has been bleached

BEAUTY specialists know the importance (the elements of which I have indicated) of inducing their clients to have, occasionally, a professionally-given cleansing and refreshing treatment to renew not only their complexions and their faith in beauty culture, but their interest in themselves, and experiments are always going forward in the laboratories devoted to cosmetic science to perfect preparations that will give the best possible results during these facial "pick-me-ups," shall we call them?

One of the latest successful results of these experiments is a new cream-mask, to which my attention was drawn by the woman I have mentioned (looking even more than usually radiant). This cream-mask treatment is given at the Phyllis Earle Salons in Dover Street. Its formula is a secret which even I, with my most inquisitorial methods, failed to extract! It does *not* contain egg, nor this nor that, which I suggested, but its effect is astonishingly refreshing and rejuvenating.

Being of smooth, creamy consistency, it has an advantage over some of the gritty mud-masks which tend to dry the skin, and since the mere fact of smoothing it gently and rather thickly over the skin, and leaving it for some time, without any special massage movements, seems to effect the good work, it would lend itself admirably to home use, and the Phyllis Earle Salons hope soon to be able to produce it in sufficient quantity to sell it to their clients for this purpose. At present it is necessary to visit their Salons for the new cream-mask treatment.

It is very gentle in its action: there is little or no sensation of contraction, but it has the effect of smoothing and refining the skin, and the most marked and immediate result is the feeling and appearance of coolness and refreshment which follows. This soothing and rejuvenating cream-mask seems to me an ideal treatment, and a welcome advance in the progress of beauty culture.

ANOTHER secret which the Phyllis Earle Salons are ready to divulge for the benefit of their clients is a new method of permanent waving which is harmless to bleached hair. As every woman who has had her hair treated knows—and who hasn't these days?—permanent waving makes bleached hair brittle and is often impossible to achieve, but with this Madison method the hair is absolutely unharmed and is left lustrous and supple. It also has the advantage of being, comparatively, painless.

LUSTROUS and upward curling eyelashes greatly enhance the beauty of the eyes

Millar & Harris

A New Design in Table Ware and Some New English Glass

THE table shown above is set for a winter's luncheon, the curtains drawn against the cold grey skies and the candles warmly glowing. The luncheon service is a new design in Royal Copenhagen and shows a series of birds and animals in sepia and gold on a white ground. Dishes to contain nuts and olives are perched on a small, fantastic figure, and the unusual candlestick, complete with five orange-coloured Nell Gwynn candles, is of pewter. The table silver is designed by Georg Jensen: the simple but most successful table glass, designed by Keith Murray, is made at the Royal Brierley Works and may be obtained from the Royal Copenhagen shop in Bond Street

Books of the Week

A Page of Novels

By "Ericus"

Mr. Michael Arlen

Whose new novel, "Man's Mortality," written on more a Wellsian than an Arlenian note, but not without "Green Hat" touches, is one of the talked-about books of the moment

THE New Year has opened with a fanfare of fiction, so to speak, and I propose this week to review a selection.

First, and rightly so, comes Mr. Michael Arlen, with a novel so entirely different in matter and manner from his usual upper-class intimacies, that I can only pull a deferential forelock — unfortunately, fanciful—in admiration for his versatility. *Man's Mortality* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an imaginative romance of the future in the Wellsian manner, and opens in the year 1987 with the administration of the universe in the hands of a gigantic combine of key industries, known as the International Aircraft and Airways, which had sprung from a purely commercial proposition to a universal autocracy by virtue of the precept that "World Transport Must Govern the World." The story revolves round David Knox and his secret for using atomic energy to propel an indestructible flying machine of his invention. With a fleet of these machines, manned by experts suborned from the International Air Police, he defies the hitherto omnipotent I.A. and A., and eventually plunges the entire world into a raging inferno of indiscriminate aerial warfare. "Europe seemed to explode. A titanic maniac, as though long crouched for a spring, leapt upwards to the poisoned skies through the wretched continent's thin crust of civilisation."

The quotation will give you some idea of the vivid forcefulness of Mr. Arlen's narrative, though it conveys nothing of his sound political reasoning and ingenious development of scientific principles. You may perhaps find yourself unable to see the trees for the wood, the actors for the mise - en - scène, for Mr. Arlen in this new book lacks Mr. H. G. Wells's outstanding ability for supporting his flights of fancy with vital characterisation. I fear, too, that Mayfair will feel desolated at Mr. Arlen's desertion. Nevertheless, this is a notable piece of dramatic fiction, written in the impeccable prose of which this novelist is a master, and without those flourishes of style that, to my mind, disfigured to some extent his earlier works.

IT is claimed in advance for *The Street of the Sandalmakers*, by Nis Petersen (Lovat Dickson ; 10*s.* 6*d.*), that "it is more alive than *The Last Days of Pompeii* and nearer to the heart of man than *Quo Vadis?*" Personally, I find a far more suitable comparison for it in Couperus' *The Comedians* and Feuchtwanger's *Josephus*, since all three of these novels tell a story of ancient Rome in a modern medium.

Mr. Petersen's Rome is the Rome of Marcus Aurelius and his principal characters are the nobleman Marcellus, his little son, and the friends and servants of his household. These characters are carefully drawn and the pageantry and urban life of Ancient Rome conveyed faithfully and intimately. The account of the Saturnalia, in particular, is an excellent example of detailed descriptive writing. My chief criticism of this book concerns the tempo of its action, which occasionally is almost funereal—the story takes a hundred pages to get into its stride—and the obscurity of its phraseology, which becomes at times definitely infuriating ! We read, for instance, that "The saints should traverse the last stages of their way to the stars poised upon the growing pedestal of time." Mr. Petersen has written a fine, thoughtful novel—one, incidentally, that has already been translated into nine languages—but, oh, I wish it were easier to read !

WHEN I tell you that *The Life of a Light Lady* (T. Werner Laurie ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the chronicle of a prostitute, some of you may throw your hands in the air and exclaim, "Shocking ! " But you will probably read it, just the same ! And I hope you will, for, though the "soiled" label is bound to be attached to this human and compelling story, the only sordid matter in it, in my opinion, is its subject. Mr. Shaw Desmond at once enlists our sympathy for Florrie, his little "light lady," who struggles on against adversity with philosophical courage and grim Cockney humour, until events prove too much for her and the gas oven ends her troubles. As she says, "We all have to live, whether we like it or not." And poor Florrie certainly did not like it at all.

AND now for three "first novels." *She Saw Them Go By* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a rather lengthy Ruritanian romance in the "Zenda" tradition, though written in a quieter and more serious strain. For all that, I was irresistibly reminded of Daly's Theatre in its heyday ; but that is the worst of these imaginary Balkan states. Miss Hester Chapman writes from the point of view of a present-day grandmother, who tells us of the romantic experiences of her girlhood at the Court of Zarayia. It is the usual tale of political intrigue and insurrection, but, in its telling, Miss Chapman reveals remarkable dignity and restraint, and she contrives a dramatic and unconventional ending, instead of the usual "voice that breathed o 'er Eden" business one has come to expect from this type of novel.

Barbara Hammond lived with a "managing" daughter, Isabel Mountain with a limpet-like woman friend, and Major Alec Gill with a heavily playful niece. Suddenly, these three carefully shackled middle-aged people are afflicted with a longing to kick decorously over their traces. "Let 's all run away," they say to each other breathlessly. And they do—to the Côte d'Azur, where they each, in their own way, find freedom and fulfilment. That is the "pith and marrow" of Miss Joan de Fraine's first novel, *Adventure for Three* (John Long ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). And a very pleasant novel it is, about very pleasant people, though the minor characters are not so convincing as the three delightful elderly adventurers. Miss de Fraine writes with a fresh enthusiasm and sincerity that is most taking.

Mr. Dennis Wheatley's first novel, *The Forbidden Territory* (Hutchinson ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a grand yarn of high adventure and derring-do in the secret areas of Bolshevik Russia. A French nobleman, an Anglo-Jew and an American adventurer take on the entire Soviet Government in a Siberian treasure-hunt, withstanding the wiles alike of alluring actresses and villainous Kommissars and enjoying a succession of positively hairbreadth escapes by car, aeroplane and subterranean passage. It is all so exciting that one overlooks the inherent improbabilities, though I must say I rather gasped at the mechanical versatility of the characters ! Where Mr. Wheatley scores is in his evident knowledge of the country and the people of whom he writes. This is an admirable "thriller."

ERICUS.

ENGAGED

Some Brides for 1933

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Griselda Bury

Miss Bury, daughter of the late Capt. Edmund Bury and Mrs. Garrick, and Mr. Julian S. T. Hawke, younger son of the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Hawke, of Kippington Grange, Sevenoaks, are being married on February 16th

Bertram Park

Miss Margaret Dixson

The wedding of Miss Margaret Dixson, the younger daughter of the late Capt. T. S Dixson and Mrs. Hargreaves, and Mr. Percy G. Illingworth, will take place on January 26th at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Bertram Park

The Hon. Marie Acton

The eldest sister of Lord Acton, and daughter of the late Lord and Lady Acton, is engaged to be married to Mr. Douglas Woodruff, younger son of Mrs. Cumberland Woodruff

Pearl Freeman

Miss Dawn Gold

Miss Gold, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Illingworth was announced two weeks ago, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold. Her fiancé is the son of the late Rt. Hon. Percy Illingworth, P.C., and Mrs. Illingworth; he is the elder brother of Mr. Percy Guy Illingworth, who is to marry Miss Margaret Dixson

Lafayette

Miss Josephine Harvest

Above: Miss Josephine Harvest, the only child of the late Lieut.-Col. H. H. Harvest, R.A., and Mrs. Harvest, is engaged to Mr. John Morant, of Brockenhurst Manor, only son of the late Mr. E. J. Morant and Lady Kathleen Hare

Bertram Park

The Hon. Elspeth Weir

Left: the Hon. Elspeth Weir, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Weir, and Mr. Richard Cartwright, only son of the late Sir Fairfax Cartwright and Lady Cartwright, are to be married in Scotland on January 31st, from Eastwood Park, Miss Weir's home near Glasgow